

THE GUIDON


MAY, 1905



State Normal School

Farmville, Virginia

Clair Woodruff Bugg
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THE STAFF

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"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakspeare.

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THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning*,

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No. 3

William Shakespeare, Dramatist and Man.

THE spacious times of great Elizabeth, the fullness of those golden English days, what eloquent pens have tried and failed, yet tried again, to give us at least an idea of that wonderful epoch. One writer tells us that the bountiful life of our own day has but grown from that life-giving sap, the fruitage of that marvellous blossom.

For ages the hearts of men had been weighed down and oppressed by the thought of their own impotence and woeful fate. "The world is evil and lost; let us escape by insensibility, amazement, ecstasy;" thus taught the old philosophers; and when the Christian appeared upon the stage he entered with the cry, "Prepare, for the kingdom of God is at hand." In the 15th century, however, Science, which is but another name for intellectual truth, came to a glorious birth. Old things passed away, all things were made new; there was a new heaven and a new earth. Instead of an indefinite plain bounded by dark seas, they saw the earth as a glorious planet, circling in her appointed orbit round the sun, "that master light of all our seeing." The bold Spaniard sailed into the unknown west, and in return for a handful of jewels laid a new world at the feet of his queen. So America and India loomed up on the horizon with such suddenness that men gasped in surprise. A creative impulse stirred in the souls of mankind and took shapes of

eternal beauty in the pictures of Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo, in the songs of Tasso, Milton, and Shakespeare. The Reformation swept like a flood through Europe, washing away the narrowness of ages. For the first time since the Beginning man stood up erect before his Maker. The Truth had made him free. Now, indeed, he began to have a faith in his own powers; he realized the magnificence of his intellect; and all England responded with a shout, Taine says, "It is not when all is good, but when all is better, that men see the bright side of life, and are tempted to make a holiday of it. So merry England, as she was then called, prepared to make life a brilliant holiday. The wars were over and the nobles came forth out of their rock-built castles, with the narrow windows, clumsy drawbridges, and stagnant moats. They built vaulted palaces, with richly-tapestried walls, costly furniture, vast staircases, and terraced gardens. They also came to court, and there made the chambers of the royal palace glitter and glisten with their magnificent attire. They dressed in the richest material: doublets of scarlet satin; cloaks of sable, costing thousands of ducats; velvet shoes, embroidered with gold and silver. It is a common thing, a writer of this time tells us, to put one thousand goats and a hundred oxen on a *coat*, and to carry a whole maun on one's back. Elizabeth, the queen, with her three thousand dresses, with enormous ruffs and stomachers stiff with diamonds, the best illustration of this intense love for dress and display. It was not the nobility alone who had this joy in life. Every ploughman, every shepherd, *each rustic*, was ready to take his place and do his part toward making the holidays bright with simple pleasures. They danced the morris dance, they paraded the streets decorated with ribbons, and, drawing ploughs behind them, they acted the history of Robin Hood and the legends of good St. George, and tripped around the maypole on the village green. Everybody seemed to have come closer to nature, and to have felt the throbbing of her great heart beating the "full stroked life."

Far from the sun and summer gale
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid, Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child

Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled,
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year!
Thine too, these golden keys, immortal Boy;
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ape the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

When we begin to study about our well-beloved Shakespeare we find only the barest outlines, the poorest excuse of a biography that is, when we come down to mere facts. Yet is it to be wondered at that we know so little of Shakespeare? It is perfectly natural, viewing things from our standpoint, to suppose that the people of his time idolized him as we do now. Thackeray says: "I should like to have been Shakespeare's bootblack—just to have lived in the same house, just to have worshipped him, to have run his errands and seen that sweet, serene face. This, however, was not then the case. If we should consider his humble birth, that he wrote plays to be acted, not *dramas* to be read, and then recall the inferior position to which actors were assigned at that day, we *should* be surprised that we know so much rather than so little of the master of English literature.

One fact there is, however, which stands out in its interest, as only the love affairs of great men can do. At the early, passionate, romantic age of nineteen he fell in love with Mistress Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior. His sweetheart lived in a little cottage embosomed in old-fashioned flowers, protected by enormous elms, and whose great age is told by its low-blackened ceilings, its stone floors, extension hearth, and comfortable chimney-seats. A delightful footpath points the way to Anne Hathaway's cottage. I wonder if primroses grew along its sides. If so, we can guess why he called the way of earthly joy "the primrose path of pleasure." What a joy its quiet beauty must have given him as he wended his way toward the shrine of his devotion. What wonderful thoughts, what immeasurable dreams, must have filled his kingly soul as at twilight he took the charming path winding through the cool, far-stretching fields, and plunging into forest depths which the lover's eye quickly saw and afterwards described so magically.

He and Anne were married after a short courtship. The happiness and congeniality of the marriage has been hotly contested. His long absences from her would perhaps point to dissatisfaction, but we cannot regard even his long stay in London as a sign that his family was deserted, for he may have often visited them, and perhaps they, too, spent some time with him.

Even with the grave responsibilities that Shakespeare had assumed, his youth and gaiety sprang up, and instantly brought him into trouble. The oft-told tale of the deer-stealing is an example of Shakespeare's wild oats. The youth whom Sir Thomas Lucy imprisoned for *poaching* deer, and then caused to flee the country, took a sweet revenge. If the irritable knight in his annual visit to London ever happened at the Globe Theater when "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was being played he must have felt that he paid dear for his deer. For there, on the stage, in foolish Justice Shallow, he saw himself—his inane self-importance, his pompous air, his manners, his favorite tricks of speech. They even had the audacity to make puns upon his name and his coat of arms. He laughs best who laughs last.

Four years after Shakespeare's marriage he made his memorable first trip to London. Hannibal crossing the Alps, Caesar in Gaul, Alexander setting out to conquer the world, Napoleon in his wonderful campaigns—none of these ever set out on a journey which had as far-reaching results as this forty-mile trip that the master of the world's literature took to London. He probably travelled in the saddle, as he could have easily sold his horse at the end of the journey to James Burbage, a liveryman and a friend of the Shakespeares, who lived at Smithfield. When busy, bustling London first flashed upon the young countryman's sight, it seemed a great and splendid city to him, though at that time it was only a town of 150,000 inhabitants. As he approached, coming along the dusty highway, he saw old St. Paul's spire rising over the red-roofed, many-gabled houses, and pointing heavenward with steadfast devotion. The Tower, showing the authority of the monarch, the cathedral, a center for gossips, and old London bridge, lined with buildings and with high-gate towers at each end—these were the most conspicuous objects that met his eye. Threading his way along

the narrow street overhung with signs he probably first went to the house of Richard Fields, formerly a neighbor of his at Stratford. It was James Burbage, however, who owned the Globe Theater, and was also a liveryman, who gave the young man the employment of holding gentlemen's horses in front of the theater. Certainly if he did perform this menial service he was not long in finding his way from the outside to the inside of the theater. In a very little while he became an actor, and met with good success. His most notable role was that of the Ghost in Hamlet, and his brother related that he once saw him take the part of Adam in "As you Like It." His success as a playwright soon overshadowed his fame as an actor, still Shakespeare was connected with the theater until toward the close of his life. Country lad as he was, the young playwright entered heartily and wholly into the midst of the Brilliant England of Elizabeth. He can exchange repartee with the best, he laughs with a kindly enjoyment at the affectations and love of dress of the Elizabethans, but he can also see and appreciate the real grandeur of soul which underlies their coxcombry. He enters into the full life and joy of the age, and his boundless imagination sees as realities even the wildest dreams of the visionaries.

In seven years after his first visit to London we find the "Swan of Avon" in the flood-tide of his fortunes. He became part owner of the Globe Theater, and from this time his fortunes steadily increased. It is in the part of business manager of a theater that we see the great poet with capabilities rarely found in men of great literary genius. We see fine business men any day, we can find excessive passion and purest ideals in such poets as Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley—but to find a man with an imagination exceeding all others, with the highest emotions of the soul, to find this man with fine business qualities is truly marvellous. Yet perhaps this seeming contradiction of qualities can all be attributed to one cause. That is, his soul was so great, it had reached such a high state of development, that he "steadied his spirit of resolute and wholesome grasp of realities."

When not quite forty years of age, a sense of premature approaching old age seems to have come upon him. He seems to have had some heartrending relations with a dark, wicked,

yet attractive woman, who spurned his love for one of Shakespeare's best friends. Then the brilliant circle of young nobles with whom he was intimate was broken up by a political storm, and the shadow of this seemed to fall upon and darken his life. Fate dealt him a cruel blow in taking away his only son. "The heart that knoweth its own bitterness speaketh in these lines:

Grief fills the room up if my absent child
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me
Puts on his pretty looks, expects his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.

When urged to forget, the reply is instant. He talks to me that never had a son! The bitter, insolvable problems of existence stared him in the face, and with them came distrust of men and men's dreams, disappointment, and a sense of evil that underlies so much of human life—all these for a time overwhelmed his soul.

Gradually the poet threw off the darkness of the spirit, and emerged from the cloud with a calmer heart and a "soul at rest with itself and with the world." The poetry of this period shows a spirit which after groping for the light had seen such a vision that he was almost satisfied. His faith in the purity, sweetness, and goodness of humanity was restored; at last he seemed to recognize the Divine in all life, and was ready to bow in submission to His will. The last five years of his life were spent very sweetly and peacefully with his wife and two daughters in his new home, New Place at Stratford. He made his will in March, 1616, and on April 23d William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist and poet the world had ever known, at the age of fifty-two, was laid to rest inside the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church. On the stone above his grave are the familiar lines, said to have been written by the poet himself,

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

MARY MERCER SCHOFIELD.

The Diamond Necklace.

THERE is a piece of history stranger than fiction. "Not only is the affair of the Necklace one of the most celebrated frauds in history, but it had far-reaching results; it alienated the affections of the French people from Marie Antoinette, and did more than any other one thing to bring her proud head to the block. And yet she had personally nothing to do with it. Hear the strange story."

Monsieur Boehmer, a Saxon by birth, was a very ambitious man. Early in life he entered the polished city of Paris, and united in partnership with Monsieur Bassange, a man skilled in the valuation of precious stones. By dint of hard work, Monsieur Boehmer secured the title of King's Jeweler. He could now enter the court itself and see on all the gorgeous state-robres a blinding play of colors, his own work.

But Boehmer was not content even with this good fortune. He longed for higher things. He decided that since he was the Crown Jeweler he would make a jewel grander and prettier than any ever before made. Thus was the diamond necklace planned.

It would hardly be accurate to say that Boehmer *made* the necklace. True, he put the jewels together. But these various jewels had a history. About six thousand years before the time of Boehmer these jewels lay deep down in the mines of India. When they emerged from their bed of rock and received the glorious rays of the sun, they shone so brilliantly that they were seen by some passers-by, who thought them a gift from the gods! So it was considered appropriate for them to serve as the eyes of the idols. Later, some person having no reverence for the heathen gods, took out these eyes and exchanged them for a little spirituous liquor. They were then bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of their monarchs.

After suffering many varieties of fortune, they at last fell into the hands of Monsieur Boehmer, who made of them a princely ornament. You can fancy for yourself how handsome it was. "A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large

almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to those, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad three-fold rows; seem to knot themselves, round a very Queen of Diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible sixfold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind-neck,—we may fancy like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora Borealis fire. A glorious ornament; fit only for the Sultana of the world. Indeed, only attainable by such; for it is valued at 1,800,000 livres; say in round numbers, and sterling money, between 80,000 and 90,000 pounds."

Boehmer vainly endeavored to dispose of this wonderful necklace. He submitted it to the King. Louis spoke of it to Marie Antoinette. But the Queen was frightened at the price, and said, "We have more need of a ship of war than of a set of jewels."

Two years later, Boehmer returned to Her Majesty and begged her to purchase the necklace. He declared that unless she would do so he would throw himself into the river. This angered the Queen. She told him that she had refused the necklace, and that he must say no more about it. She advised him to break it up and sell the separate jewels. Marie Antoinette heard no more about the necklace until eight years later, when the horrid plot was formed.

To understand the mysterious affair of the necklace, we must know something about the characters implicated in the conspiracy.

Cardinal de Rohan, Prince of one of the most powerful families in France and one of the highest dignitaries of the church, was a man of shallow mind and of the lax morals that are characteristic of the brilliant but corrupt society of his time. While ambassador to the court of Vienna he incurred the hatred of Marie Theresa by a witticism referring to her treatment of

Poland. He said, "I have seen Marie Theresa weep over the misfortune of divided Poland. In one hand she holds a handkerchief to wipe away her tears, while with the other she seizes a sword to cut off another province." This "bon mot" had just enough truth in it to make it stinging, and when it reached the ears of Marie Antoinette, daughter of Marie Theresa, she never forgave him. "When Marie Antoinette became Queen of France she showed the Cardinal that she remembered her mother's quarrel, and treated him with cold disdain." Deeply mortified, he hovered around the court, anxious to be restored to royal favor, but the Queen would not notice him.

"It is hard to understand to-day, in our democratic society, how much the favor of royalty meant in the eighteenth century, and how serious was its withdrawal. The Cardinal became a man of one fixed idea—he must gain the Queen's good graces at any cost! It was the object of his life. He even employed magic to assist him, and was the dupe of Cagliostro, who pretended to exercise magical influences in his behalf.

He seems to have lost all power to discriminate or judge. Where the Queen was concerned, his credulity is beyond belief.

The second actor now comes on the stage, Countess de La Motte, an intriguing woman, whose cleverness was only equalled by her vices. Though poor and unknown at court, and living by her wits, she had some royal blood in her veins. She was young, handsome, designing, and meeting the Cardinal by accident, she marked him as her prey. She made him believe that she had private entree to the court, and that she was an intimate friend in secret of the Queen—that purest and proudest of women! She told him that she talked to the Queen of him; then brought forged letters from Her Majesty allowing the Cardinal to explain his position. She filled him with delight by telling him the Queen accepted his apologies and was no longer displeased. With diabolical ingenuity she led him on, little by little, to believe that the Queen now regarded him with cordial liking; then with approbation, then with romantic affection. But her enemies (and his) at court prevented her from showing any outward change of manner, but she would give him a secret sign. The clever intrigante told the Cardinal to wait in the great salon at noon, and that as the Queen passed down the great staircase to mass, she would turn and look

apparently at all the courtiers, but really at him. The Queen did this nearly every day, and with that fatality which surrounds the whole affair, this day she turned and glanced as usual at the waiting courtiers (as the wicked schemer counted on her doing). The infatuated Cardinal was convinced. The queen had given him a sign of her good will. He was in the seventh heaven. Madame de La Motte knew it was time to strike the decisive blow." Rohan was told by the countess that the Queen very much desired the diamond necklace held by Boehmer, but would not buy it because she feared the King's displeasure. The Countess said that by bringing about this purchase he could regain the queen's favor definitely and openly.

Mme. de La Motte promised to look into the matter and bring about a meeting between the Cardinal and the Queen in the grove at Versailles.

The time for the meeting arrived.

The Countess accompanied Rohan to the Park of Versailles. Soon they heard footsteps, and the Cardinal, looking up, saw her whom he thought to be Marie Antoniette. He fell on his knees, imploring forgiveness. But the Countess rushed forward telling them to hasten, footsteps were approaching. The supposed Queen dropped a white rose, and with the words, "You know what that means," vanished in the thickets.

The Cardinal had no idea that this person was not the Queen. He had never seen Olivia, a Parisian damsel, who resembled the Queen in height, figure, and face, "nor indeed had Mme. de La Motte until a few days before. This is another of those strange fatalities that invest this affair with such peculiar interest. If Mme. de La Motte had invoked the aid of the Prince of Evil himself, things could not have happened more opportunely. Early in the game, when the Cardinal began to weary of verbal messages, she found that a friend, a slim young man on her staircase, could imitate any handwriting perfectly. So the Cardinal's doubts were allayed with *autograph* letters from the Queen. When the letters began to lose their power, by chance Mme. de La Motte passes in the street this girl, who looked enough like the Queen to pass for her in the dusk. It is like a transformation scene; a wave of the magic wand, and presto, change! the very person needed to complete the story appears."

Without knowing for what reason, Olivia was hired by Mme. de La Motte to go into the grove at the time of Rohan's arrival. The poor, deluded man was therefore half-wild with rapture when he received the rose. He went immediately to the Crown Jeweler to arrange for the purchase of the necklace.

Boehmer wrote out his terms and sent them by the Countess to the Queen. Of course the Queen knew nothing of the whole matter. The Countess returned the note, bearing in its margin the forged words, "Right. Marie Antoinette of France."

It was arranged that Boehmer should tell no one that he had sold the necklace, unless it was necessary; then he must say that he had sold it to the Sultana of the Grand Turk.

It was said long afterwards that Rohan, and even Boehmer, should have known the marginal note to be a forgery; the "of France" was fatal to it. Queens always sign their names quite short. But these men were too infatuated to think. The necklace was sent to Marie Antoinette, the Countess as usual acting as the intermediary.

"Here Fate kindly stepped in a third time and supplied a young man who was not unlike the Queen's confidential servant. With proper costume and stage setting, with candles burning low, he looked the part. And the Cardinal, peering through a glass door, saw this supposed La Porte take the precious box and leave the room." Here the necklace disappears. It never reached the hands of the Queen, who remained ignorant of the whole affair until the want of money was felt by the jeweler.

Mme. de La Motte had paid some instalments, but Boehmer grew impatient and applied to the Queen. For a long time she did not understand the applications, but gradually she came to apprehend an intrigue, and went at once to the King. Louis, knowing how many efforts had been made to expose Marie Antoniette to public reproach, was at once convinced that it was a plot of the Cardinal in revenge for his neglect at court. He instantly sent a command for the Cardinal to meet him at the Royal apartments. Poor Rohan thought his turn for favor had actually come. The Queen would openly reward her faithful servant. Imagine his horror when confronted by the King.

* * * * *

While on his way to Paris, Rohan managed to hand a slip of writing to a trusty servant. It was a direction to the servant to hasten to his palace and burn all of his private papers. The King had also sent officers to the Cardinal's palace to seize the papers. But the Cardinal's servant first arrived, and committed to the flames all the important documents which might have shed light upon this affair and saved Europe the worry of guessing.

The trial of the Cardinal continued for more than a year. All France was agitated. At the close of this protracted trial the Cardinal was acquitted of all guilt, much to the chagrin of the King and Queen.

The result of the trial of Countess de La Motte was very different. She was found guilty and sentenced to be branded and life-imprisonment.

Thus ended the horrid plot. The necklace was, and is no more. The stones of it were circulated abroad, and may even give rise to other histories. Every one that trafficked in it has gone to meet his reward.



The International Doll Collection of America.

SCARCELY a decade ago a lady of Boston received as a gift a peanut doll, sent by a friend to help pass away the tedious hours of the sick room. Little did the giver dream that this simple gift would lay the foundation for a world-famed collection of dolls. A plan developed which quickly matured and bore its fruit. No eloquent address or urgent appeal ever met with more success than did this one for establishing an exhibition of representatives from all parts of the earth, whose proceeds were to be used to alleviate the sufferings and want of needy little ones. With a few members this now famous International Doll Collection was started. As the stone rolled it gathered its moss, for as the interest increased so did the dolls. The same bit of love and sympathy to which the collection owes its beginning crept alike into the heart of sovereign and savage—from the Esquimau of the North to the South Sea Islander, from the Red Man of America to the Negro of Africa; for no more beautiful tribute was made than the beaded cradle sent by a poor Indian mother as a memorial of her dead baby, and none were more appreciated than the mud dolls, crudely but painstakingly dressed and sent by the natives in the heart of Africa.

But not the hearts of mothers and sisters alone were touched, but great men, whose lives one would suppose to be too crowded with affairs of state and nation to notice such a seemingly trivial matter, from the Czar of Russia and Ameer of Afghanistan to the crime-hardened men of Sing-Sing prison—they, like the rest, sent a tribute. The Czar sent his contribution dressed in a copy of the Siberian peasant costume worn every day by Count Tolstoi, the friend and counsellor of the Russian peasant. He is not the only sovereign who has added to the pleasure and profit of the American people, for Carmen Sylvia, Queen of Roumania, showed her interest by herself dressing a doll in court dress and sending it to the Collection. Both gifts showed the friendly relations between these countries and ours, and the good wishes for our children by the Czar of Russia and the author of the fairy tales they love.

The famous Swedish singer, Christine Nilsson, also dressed a doll from one of her own gowns and sent it, bearing the card, "To the dear American public from the 'fiery Christine.' "

During the war in Turkey, missionaries, with much pains, secured dolls dressed after the manner of the veiled Armenian women. After they had been carefully stored in the custom house ready for shipment, the Sultan ordered their confiscation, for fear war news should be hidden among their garments. One, however, was with great danger preserved and sent to the Collection. Wrapped in the close garments of the East it shows a striking picture of the sad lives of these persecuted women.

A little Jewish girl dressed two sun-baked dolls in the real swaddling clothes and sent them from the city of Jerusalem. From Rome, sent by Mrs. Tom Thumb, comes a doll clad in one of the dresses of that celebrated midget. Some years ago Austria sent an exceedingly handsome doll, in native costume of black silk bloomers and a short red jacket, wearing heavy gold bracelets and ornaments, and a small cap, wrapped in a long, coarse veil. From far-away Japan and China, "land of marvel and of mystery," a most interesting collection was contributed. The dainty lady of Japan excites wonder and admiration, as does the warrior bold in his coat of many colors, and the curious and alarming fireman, while the beautiful Budha nun stands calm and peaceful, the only one known to exist. Chinese dolls are scarce, and here, as in Turkey, the dolls sent are not a voluntary offering, but were with difficulty procured by missionaries in 1880. From St. Pierre comes a survivor of the fearful catastrophe which befell the unfortunate Isle of Martinique. Around her brown head is pinned a turban, or "Madras," and entwined about her head, neck, and ears are strings of solid gold beads. These represent her caste, and a native rather than wear an imitation would go without.

Old Egypt sent her dolls, baked on the banks of the Nile, as did savages of the islands of the sea, who fashioned dolls of cocanut shells and seaweed.

The Philippine contribution, in a dress woven of banana fibre, was sent originally to the Pan-American Exposition, and from there it joined our Collection.

If foreigners have shown such an interest and sympathy in this great work, it is needless to say we Americans have not failed to show our respect and appreciation. There are dolls that have been loyal and staunch to the Collection all along its travelled road. One, indeed, has survived three fires, and we gaze on her with as much admiration as we lavish on "Molly Stock," a true grande dame of the colonial type. The ladies of Bennington could not have added more to the Collection than by giving this perfect portrait of the wife of General Stark, the hero.

The Indians have been interested and helpful to an unusual degree, and from the little papoose to the fierce "brave," in his war paint and feathers, they are intensely amusing and interesting. Not alone, however, for the "Boly Wog" from Indiana, the dolls sent by school children of every land, the old lady who has been around the world, and the one who has survived a hundred years, are all curiosities; also "Kamona," dressed by the original heroine of the well-known book. Boston, the Collection's native city, has in "Grandma Howe" and the Herald Boy worthy representatives.

Six hundred they number; a strange and varied assembly, and the only one of its kind in existence. A two-fold mission they have performed, for who would not contribute to see these world-famed dolls, and thereby swell the contributions, which was their original mission? Nothing so educates us and broadens our point of view as a peep into the lives and customs of our foreign neighbors, and with a representative of every zone and nation brought together how easy it is for us to obtain. It is but traveling on a small scale, as we visit these peoples of every realm and tongue, of times ancient and modern, of every known religion. Secretly they tell us of their lives, homes, their work and play, until "dolls" we scarcely dare to call them. Little messengers, they seem to bring tidings from afar, for tho' silent they speak to us, tho' speechless they teach us.

Thus we are proud that we have had them within our school walls, proud we could safely send them on their eventful way to aid some others, and proud, too, that we possess the knowledge obtained from them. And this International Doll Collection, which leaves behind it more than a pleasant memory, we heartily and enthusiastically commend.

MARY PURNELL DUPUY.

A Little Gossip About a Hero.

“Tis strange that when the dust of death hath choked a great man’s voice
The common words he said turn oracles,
The common thoughts he yoked like horses draw like griffins.”

But, again, we find this to be true of our hero George Washington. A great number of legends and stories have grown up about him and are always fascinating to us. Sometimes these stories, in order to make a great man seem greater to the next generation, take away from him those little human touches of frailty and cover up the little foibles that every man must have, and so remove him from our sympathy. He does not seem like a warm, loving, erring human being, but a cold abstraction, without life or reality.

This has been done for Washington. Instead of having a personal feeling of friendship for the Father of his Country, we hold aloof from him as a piece of cold perfection, the boy who could not tell a lie, the man who made no mistakes. But “he is all fault who hath no fault at all.”

The object of this paper is not to detract from his glory, but to bring him nearer to us by showing him somewhat as he really was.

The familiar story of the cherry tree is not really true, but originated in a school near Washington’s home, where the schoolmaster, wishing to illustrate the beauty of truth, invented the story and told it to his pupils, not expecting to ever hear it repeated. He was very much surprised when it was published in all the newspapers.

Washington heard of it, and indignantly asked the schoolmaster how he dared tell such an absurd tale about him. It greatly embarrassed the teacher, who replied that he intended it only for his school, and told it merely as an example of truthfulness. It was then too late to recall the story, and it is still told to all little boys as a warning and example.

Washington was always fond of horseback-riding, and when a boy at home he would break any of the colts that the men were afraid of, although his mother begged him not to ride them, because she was afraid that her favorite son would get hurt.

He was an excellent horseman, and hunting was a source of great pleasure to him and was kept up until his sixty-third year. He loved his dogs, and gave them such pretty names as Music, Jupiter, Juno, and Truelove.

His temper, though generally kept well under control, was high and irritable, and when it broke its bounds resulted in tremendous wrath. While in company with his friends he spoke freely. His conversational powers were limited, and when called upon in public to express his opinion often seemed embarrassed and ill at ease. This was partly due to the fact that he always carefully considered all questions on the subject discussed before he made up his mind. He was not imaginative, and appeared noticeably cold, reserved, and dignified, even at that time of dignified people. For all his coldness he was a warm admirer of the fair sex. He addressed a number of ladies, but they did not have prophetic souls, and he was rejected by each of them.

Later he met Mrs. Martha Custis, and there is a letter still existing in which he acknowledged that he was in love with her. We always think of her as Lady Washington, white-haired and stately; but then she was young and comely, with a neat fortune to set off her charms. They were married, and her bridal gown was white brocade drawn back from a silver-wrought petticoat. The Custis children were perfectly devoted to their step-father. In looking over the list of his expenses when away from home, some little presents for the children are often found, as a lace handkerchief for Nelly, or a drum for John. Washington loved Nelly as if she were his own daughter, and was even more anxious than her grandmother that she should have all the dress and other things that girls are so fond of. The spinet he gave her still exists, and her harpsicord too. We have all heard about that from Nelly's brothers. "Her grandmother made her practice, and she would play and cry, and cry and play, for hours together on the harpsicord."

Washington loved a merry tune, and Nelly must have often played for him in the twilight.

In his long letters to his London agent we find items like "white satin slippers of a small size and white silk stockings with scarlet clocks." No doubt fair Nelly danced the minuet in them.

He often stood between her and her grandmother's wrath when Mrs. Washington felt that a severe lecture was due for girlish pranks. He could give a lesson himself.

There is a story that while some girls were visiting Nelly at Mt. Vernon a countryman happened to take breakfast there. He was evidently not familiar with the large glass salt-cellar with spoons used at that time, and when his coffee was brought he put several spoonfuls of salt in it. Of course the girls giggled and Washington gave them a reproving look, but this seemed only to amuse them more. To prevent the man's embarrassment when he should find what he had done, Washington himself called for a cup of coffee, put salt in it, and with an unmoved face, drank it. The girls stopped laughing.

When there was first a President of the United States by many his office was considered inferior to that of Governor. On one occasion the Governor of Massachusetts insisted that Washington, who was visiting in Boston, should call upon him, and not that he should call upon Washington. But our hero stoutly maintained that the President of the United States was greater than the Governor of any State, and would not pay the call.

He knew the value of little things, and it was by such acts as this that Washington did so much to bring about the proper respect and esteem for the presidency.

He was a great lover of dress, and was often reproved by his mother for being extravagant. At that time all the handsome dress came from England, and during the Revolution the colonists independently refused to take them. But when peace was restored they again got their best dress from England.

There are records of orders sent by Washington for satin waistcoats, silk stockings, and velvet coats. No exact measurements were given, but the order would be for "something that you think would be suitable for me," or "for a man about my size."

It is our good fortune that we possess the copies of so many letters of the man of whom it was said, "He was left childless that he might be the Father of his Country." But there are few letters extant touching on Washington's views of the tender passion. The person to whom he seems to have written most fully and charmingly was Eliza Custis, known as Betsy Custis. No one ever understood romance better than this most practical

statesman, and no girl ever had more sound advice given her. Were the letters made a textbook for the youthful public it is possible that some modern errors might be avoided. But since even Betsy did not altogether follow the advice of Washington, perhaps it would be too much to expect a newer and more headstrong generation to do so.

In answer to one of Betsy's letters he replies, "In your letter you say you shall always be thankful to me for my advice——on what occasions? Am I to await your explanation, or am I to guess at your meaning? But with a girl of nineteen it may not be so difficult to conceive, because love and its concomitants are supposed to be always in the foreground. Taking love then for the theme, let me ask if you have already drunk of this cup, or do you wish to know my description of a person who would be proper to administer it to you? If the first, advice will come too late, for your answer, I am persuaded, would be similar to that of a lady of my acquaintance, who, asking the opinion of her friend on the propriety of yielding to the addresses of her lover, added that she hoped it would meet with her approbation, but concluded that she was resolved to marry him. Neither shun by too much coyness the addresses of a suitable character whom you may esteem, nor encourage them by any advances on your part. The first may discourage, the other disgust, the man of sensibility.

In forming a connection of this durability, let the understanding as well as the passion be consulted. Without the approbation of the first the indulgence of the latter may be compared to the rose, which will bloom, glow for awhile, then fade and die, leaving nothing but thorns behind them. There are other important considerations; among these congeniality of temper is essential. Without this discord will ensue, and that walk must be unpleasant and toilsome when two persons linked together cannot move in it without jolting each other. And, alas! how often is this found to be the case."

In conclusion he speaks of the beauty of friendship, and assures her of his best wishes.

One warm, kind letter of this kind is worth volumes of campaigns and political documents to bring us nearer to the living personality of the first and greatest American.

BELLE BROUSIOUS.

C. L. S.

Some of Shakspeare's Heroines.

WHEN we study Shakspeare long and carefully we acknowledge him to be "the greatest writer of the ages," and pay homage to this "English king whom no time nor chance, parliament nor combination of parliaments, can dethrone." "He had an extraordinary species of mind," says Taine, "all-powerful, excessive, equally master of the sublime and the base; the most creative that ever engaged in the exact copy of the details of actual existence."

Shakspeare's character-drawing is wonderful. He peoples a whole world for us. Exquisite, girlish figures dance on the green sward; lovers stroll through leafy lanes; children play; a little lad tells his mother a story; men and women of ambition strive and gain their end, or lose it; kings and queens come and go; Falstaff amuses us; Dame Quickley chatters at the tavern; Nerissa receives the confidence of his mistress; Imogen proves herself "the truest princess that ever swore her faith." Perhaps the women who dwell here are the most interesting. Hermione, Juliet, Portia, Perdita, Viola, Cordelia,—a roll call of "sweetness and light,"—at the very mention of their names the characteristics of these women come trooping up before us like dear, familiar faces. "Let us gossip a moment about our friends, not setting all their faults down in a notebook, but dwelling, as good friends should, upon their virtues and charms."

"In Belmont is a lady richly left
And she is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues,"

said Bassanio of Portia. Fair indeed she is, and of splendid mental endowments, though none the less lovable as a woman because of them. Some one has well called her a heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness. Portia comes before us as a woman of high spirit, full of wit and gaiety. She is an heiress living at beautiful Belmont. She moves about with a commanding grace and a highbred air that bespeaks familiarity with splendor and ease.

Her father's will restricts her choice of a husband to this condition: Her suitors shall select from three caskets, and he who selects the casket containing Portia's picture shall claim her as his bride. This peculiar will does not make the number of suitors any less.

"From the four quarters of the earth they come—
The Hyreanian desert, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia;
The watery kingdom is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come
As o'er a brook to see fair Portia."

But Portia loves none of them. She makes fun of them all. One talks too much of horses, another is too "unmannerly sad." Of the French lord she says scornfully, "Let him pass for a man." She calls the English baron a "dumb show." None of them please her, and she uses the caskets as a cloak for her feelings. And yet Portia is just ready to fall in love. She says to Nerissa, "My little body is aweary of this great world." She is tired of "her loneliness, her splendor, her responsibilities; she longs for companionship, for sympathy, for the understanding heart." Some one has said, "If you would win a woman, make love to her when she is a bit weary, when the pulse of her heart beats a trifle slow." What an opportune time for Bassanio to come!

See how true a woman Portia is! Though she loves Bassanio, and is eager for him to choose the right casket, she does not help him. She knows which casket contains her picture, but she gives him no clew. In all honor and truth and steadfastness she abides by her father's will. It seems that her father underestimated her character when he made this will. He seemed not to have trusted her. But it was not so much his fault after all. No man felt, in that day, that any woman was capable of choosing anything for herself, certainly not so important a thing as a husband.

Portia's exclamations of delight when Bassanio chooses the right casket show her love for him, and her confession shows how much his choice meant to her.

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
But the full sum of me;
Is sum of nothing; which to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

We see from this speech that Portia is not spoiled by having her own way, by wealth and flattery, but has the highest womanliness. Her conception of love is noble. She realizes that "the highest privilege of love is sacrifice;" and if her love is true and pure she must give Bassanio more than her pursestrings, she must give him herself. She showed this plainly by her action at the trial of Antonio. Many a woman would have thought it quite enough to have given her husband the necessary money, but not Portia! After Bassanio was gone, she racked her brain to find a way out of the difficulty. She went to her cousin for help, and when he failed her, her woman's wit came to the rescue. "It took no mean courage to venture into open court in that age. For if she failed every man there would blame her as being forward, and if she succeeded—that was another matter. And she did succeed, and by a piece of splendid audacity saved Antonio." All the finest traits in Portia's character are displayed in this trial—her intellect, her high ideals, her sense of honor, her true womanliness. She plays her role well. We are impressed by her manner, her firmness, her self-control. She pleads the case with matchless eloquence. She appeals to Shylock's mercy, his avarice, his pity. When the crisis arrives, with smothered scorn she makes the direct accusation, "Thou diest," and the case is won.

When it is all over, and Portia is nearing home with Nerissa, she is enveloped by the feeling of peace and calm that comes when one has done one's duty. Though the world is wicked, and sometimes cruel, Portia realizes that she has done her duty,

has performed a good deed. As the welcome lights of her home stream out upon her path, she says with a little sigh of restfulness,

“How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

“All the world loves a lover,” therefore all the world loves Juliet.” All Shakspeare's women, being essentially women either love or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life-blood along her veins. The love that is so chaste in Portia—so confiding in Perdita—so fearless in Miranda,—so constant in Imogen—so tender in Viola—is each and all of these in Juliet.”

Juliet is a child of Italy. All her life she has lived under fair skies, in a sunny clime where the air “breathes of the sweet South.” By the vehemence and passion of her love she shows the influence of her southern home. Juliet lived in a splendid palace, adorned with everything that wealth could buy. Her mother was the haughty, overbearing matron of the fifteenth century. Her father was a fussy, irritable, tyrannical man. They thought of Juliet as something that would add to the glory of the house of Capulet, not as a child to be loved and tenderly nurtured. They looked upon her as something that belonged to them, not as a young, beautiful, loving creature, with a heart of her own. Because they looked upon her simply as a possession, Juliet's parents had no confidence in her. They trusted her for nothing. She was seldom with them, and then her relation was most formal. She trembled before her stern mother and irritable father. I daresay Juliet never sat down in her mother's presence in her life, nor had a merry, playful chat with her father. But this formality was not their fault, nor Juliet's; it was the fault of the age. So, on the one hand, she had this formal relation with her parents; and, on the other, the over-petting and spoiling of her nurse, an injudicious woman of the common people, coarse, broad, and garrulous. Juliet herself had an impetuous, rash, tender, ardent nature, and we see that the training given her by her haughty parents and plebeian nurse was at once the cause and the excuse for her subsequent conduct.

Between the Montagues and the Capulets there was intense hatred, and Juliet was reared in this atmosphere of strife. She had been brought up to hate the Montagues, to have nothing to do with them. Naturally they had the allurements of the forbidden; so, when Romeo, that prince of lovers, comes into her little world, it is a dangerous emotional situation. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. Juliet yields to her passion, and loses herself in the depth and enthusiasm of confiding love. The courtship of Romeo and Juliet, "in its lyric accent, its blindness of passion," is beautiful. Romeo loves Juliet fondly and passionately. She is everything to him.

"Heaven is here, where Juliet lives!"

Juliet's love for Romeo, like her bounty, is measureless.

"And every tongue that speaks but Romeo's name
Speaks heavenly eloquence."

Even in the joy of her courtship with Romeo, she has a presentiment of evil. Her first thought is of the danger to which he is exposed in her father's grounds. It is she who urges on the sudden marriage. She is impatient that the deed shall become perfect and irreversible. In taking this stand, Juliet estranges her family and friends. She now puts on new dignity. She is no longer the fond, impatient girl; she is Romeo's brave wife. For his sake she does what the bravest man would shrink from doing. Every human being is affrighted at the grave; yet Juliet, though all the horrors of the situation appear before her, is willing to be laid in the tomb for Romeo's sake. This is her sacrifice on the altar of love.

This is, in truth, a tale of love and sorrow. Romeo and Juliet must die, young though they are. They have accomplished their lives. Truly we may say of them,

"How small a part of time they share
Who are so passing sweet and fair."

But what more was needed? They had loved perfectly. Romeo had come to manhood, Juliet to beautiful womanhood. The old family feud was ended over their dead bodies. They were "lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death not divided." Was not that enough?

"Orlando says,
From the east to western end
No jewel is like Rosalind."

It may not be wise to take a lover's estimate as an impartial statement of fact, but we can do no other with Rosalind. Every man is her lover—Master Will Shakspeare not a whit behind the rest. Who was the fair Elizabethan who sat for this immortal portrait? Or is she not rather a phantom of delight, with glimpses of many dear, dead women.

"Rosalind, of many parts,
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized."

However that may be, I am sure he loved that sweet perfection when 'twas done, was the first of all her lovers, of maidens who have longed secretly to be like her, of young men who have dreamed of some day finding a Rosalind. Alas! It will be in an enchanted forest! "

We see Rosalind first a dependent, almost a captive, in the home of her uncle, the usurping duke. Her father is banished, another man rules in his stead, another princess holds the place that is hers. She knows the "uses of adversity," she has learned "how full of briars is this work-a-day world." But she keeps her sorrow to herself.

"Her very silence, and her patience
Speak to the people and they pity her."

Celias's love for her is even greater than that of the people.

"I cannot live out of her company," she cried, and then left her own home to share Rosalind's banishment.

Rosalind is wonderfully gentle. But her's is not a passive gentleness, a gentleness that cannot resist. She will hear anything for herself, but resents the slightest word against her friends. She allows no one, not even the duke himself, to say one ill word of them. The duke accuses her of being his banished brother's daughter. She resents his accusation, though her reply is full of quiet dignity:

"So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no traitor."

We have a fair picture before us. Here is a girl, gentle and beautiful, with a charming sprightliness and grace, who is dependent on a man who hates her because he has wronged her. She puts aside her sorrow and is merry for the sake of those who love her, and by her very self-abandonment becomes the most lovable person in the kingdom. We think Rosalind could never be sweeter.

But see her in the forest of Arden. Here everything about her "breathes of youth and youth's sweet prime." She is as fresh and sweet as spring blossoms, "a sight to make an old man young." How bright and coquettish she looks in her doublet and hose! In spite of disguise, Rosalind is every whit a woman. A woman, did I say? I should have said a girl, for Rosalind is a girl through and through. She wears her masculine dress with no hurt to her girlish delicacy and modesty. She has, in truth, no doublet and hose in her disposition. What a warm, loving, girlish heart throbs under her page's garments! How she loves Orlando! There may be some who would call this falling in love at first sight a flaw in Rosalind, but she took good care that Orlando should not know it. She makes fun of her lover and his love.

"Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

But Rosalind's heart is true, for when she is serious she says,

"Down on your knees, and thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love."

She assumes the airs of a saucy page without throwing off her girlish sweetness. She is always a girl. Her impatience when Celia refuses to tell her that Orlando is in the forest is the intemperance of youth. When Celia does finally tell her that he is near, what does Rosalind say? Just what any girl in the world would have said:

"Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?"

Then she pours forth a perfect torrent of eager questions:

"What did he? What said he? How looked he?

Wherein went he? What makes he here?

Did he ask for me? Doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel?"

We can see her as she questions Celia, her hands moving in little impatient gestures, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling.

Was there ever anybody like her? Is she not the most charming maiden in the world? Do you wonder that Duke Ferdinand said to Celia,

"Thou wilt seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone."

Almost anybody would. Do you not love her best of all?

"Portia's learning frightens one a bit; Miranda is a creature all fire and dew, who may melt at the sight of a human fireside; Juliet loves, not wisely, but too well; Beatrix, fair Lady Disdain, has too sharp a tongue; while Katherine is a downright shrew. But here is one forever lovely and forever loved, in character, in mind, in person.—As You Like It."

FLORA THOMPSON.



Temptation.

Her eyes were very, very blue,
Her cheeks were plump and rosy;
The Case was very, very new
The corner very cozy.

Her hand was very, very near,
How could I help but take it;
The Maid was very, very dear,
There's none could dispute it.

Her lashes very, very long,
Low drooped upon her cheek;
Now was it really very wrong—
That words should prove too weak.

The moon was very, very bright—
The night was one in June,
Her winsome head was just the height,
Ah, hours! You fly too soon.

Swift, swift, as Hermes' feet,
Dear Papa made a charge,
And when I landed in the street,
Those feet seemed very large.

When romance fills your very soul,
And flows through every vein,
Be sure Papa has gone to stroll
Or the moon is eclipsed by a Nain.

ROBERT LOUIS FREEAR.

A Kentucky Idyl.

WE have many poets who sing of the South, but none who deal with Nature so simply and beautifully as does James Lane Allen, our prose-poet. In the *Kentucky Cardinal* he has written a fascinating story of love and Nature. His conception of love is noble and exalted, and he has woven it into the tenderest, gayest story, breathing the finer things of the spirit, and full of an exquisite appreciation of Nature.

Adam Moss, the hero, tells the story as one who takes counsel of his own thoughts when the business of the day is over. His great love of Nature is shown on nearly every page. His house is situated on the edge of town, and "at times the needle of his nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. At others it veers round, and he goes to town. That way nearly everything is prose." He was a humorous solitary, living alone, except for his garden and the companionship of those whom he says "man in his arrogance calls the lower animals." He found more real pleasure in being with Nature's creatures than with his own fellow-beings.

Two of his neighbors furnished him with the plain prose of life. The first, a bachelor, Jacob Mariner. He called him his rain-crow, "because the sound of his voice awoke apprehensions of falling weather." A visit from him was an endless drizzle." The other, a widow, Mrs. Walters, whom he called his mocking-bird, "because she reproduces by what is truly a divine arrangement of the throat the voices of the town." It had very naturally been his desire "to bring about between this rain-crow and mocking-bird the desire to pair with one another. For if a man always wanted to tell his symptoms, and a woman always wished to hear about them, surely a marriage contract would be most agreeable. But the perversity of life! Jacob would never confide in Mrs. Walters, Mrs. Walters would never inquire of Jacob."

Adam Moss's attention had been diverted from nature by the news that new neighbors would occupy the house next door. "Mrs. Walters does not get into the best society; so that the

town is to her like a pond to a crane; she wades round it, going in as far as she can, and snatches up such small fry as comes shoreward from the middle." In this way he finds out what he can about the new-comers. The news that reaches him through Mrs. Walters is not pleasant. In the first place he had been prejudiced against the Cobbs when they tried to buy his farm. He learned that the family consisted of a mother, lately bereaved of her husband; a son, then at West Point; an elder daughter, Georgiana, who spent most of her time embroidering; lastly, a younger daughter, "Sylvia," who is in the half-fledged state of becoming educated. But his interest in his new neighbors did not make him forget his old ones, the birds.

What can be more beautiful than the description of "Nature doing her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain-clouds for her water-buckets and the winds for her brooms." What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day. How she dashes pailful and pailful into every corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say to you, joyfully, "Now, then, we are all right again." This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness, such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then at last she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical lands, for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

Among the few who stayed during the winter was his favorite, the Cardinal, "a proud, solitary stranger in our unfriendly land." "Nature in Kentucky has no wintry harmonies for him." On account of his brilliant color he is compelled to remain in seclusion. "What wonder if he is so shy, so rare, so secluded, this flame-colored prisoner in dark-green chambers, who has only to be seen or heard, and Death adjusts an arrow. It was

to the training of one of these that Adam Moss gave most of his attention, "so that there should be finer music in the spring."

The first meeting between our hero and the neighbor's daughter is described in Mr. Allen's most delightful vein of gayety. I shall only say it was in a strawberry patch, without the usual formalities of chaperone or introduction. After this first scene in the strawberry patch, Adam Moss called twice in the next ten days on the Cobbs. The elder daughter, Georgiana, had not forgotten their first meeting. Neither had she told it to even her mother and sister. "Somehow this fact invests her character with a charm as of subterrean roominess and secrecy." Women who tell everything are like finger-bowls of clear water. But it was Sylvia who pleased him. She was so demure and confiding. They spent many happy hours together in the arbor, where Georgiana was often the subject of their conversation. Altogether he was pleased with his new neighbors, and surprised to find them not only refined and intelligent, but one of them at least a kindred spirit.

He describes Georgiana "as the single peach on a tree in a season when they are rarest. Not a very large peach and scarcely yet yielding a blush to the sun, although its long summer heat is on the wane; growing high in the air at the end of a bough and clustered about by its shining leaves. But what beauty, purity, freshness! You must hunt to find it and climb to reach it; but when you get it, you get it all; there is not a trace left for another. But Sylvia! I am afraid Sylvia is like a big bunch of grapes that hangs low above a public pathway; each passer-by reaches up and takes a grape."

We watch the unfolding of a beautiful love story, and though there are few incidents, our author makes us feel its fineness of spirit, its nobility and honor of Georgiana; there is something gay and tender about her, full of charm, full of wit, capable of love, yet by no means easy to be won. This Adam Moss finds to his cost. He resisted her charms as long as possible, but yielded at last, as is best expressed in his diary:

"April 26th. It's of no use. To-morrow night I will go to see Georgiana, and ask her to marry me.

"April 28th. Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. I am not the least sick, but I am not feeling at all well. So have made a will, and left everything to Mrs.

Walters. She has been over five times to-day, and this evening sat by me a long time, holding my hand and smoothing my forehead, and urging me to try a cream-poultice, a mustard plaster, a bowl of gruel, a broiled chicken.

"I believe Georgiana thinks I'll ask her again. Not if I live by her through eternity! 'Thy rod and thy staff, *they* comfort me.' We find that woman is not the one who changes her mind.

"May 21st. Again I asked Georgiana to be mine. I am a perfect fool about her. But she's coming my way at last—God bless her!

"May 24th. I renewed my suit to Georgiana.

"May 27th. I besought Georgiana to hear me.

"May 28th. For the last time I offered my hand in marriage to the elder Miss Cobb. Now I am done with her forever. I am no fool."

Sometime after this, while in his garden, which is under her window and from where so many conversations had taken place, he heard her singing in her room. He called several times, but was unable to bring her to the window. At last he resorted to a means which hardly ever failed him. He whistled long and loud for the bird. Immediately the curtains parted. "I was only whistling for the bird," he said. "I knew it," she answered. "Whenever you speak to him, your voice is full of confidence and of love. I believe in it and like to hear it." Georgiana was jealous of the bird, and feared that Adam Moss would love Nature more than her; that when she became old Nature would still be young and beautiful. When she heard him call the bird she could trust him. If only he could make her trust him in the same way. But what more could be expected of him to show her his great love? What more could she ask? To his sorrow and pain, what was the request that she made?

Leaning out of the window towards him, with love written in every line of her face, she asked, "Would you put the red bird in a cage for me? Would you be willing to do that for me?" Not hesitating, he answered her with cold reproach, "I will not."

We cannot conceive how much this request meant to him, who loved the red bird as a human being. He had patiently tamed him, and taught him to trust and believe in man. Could

he then trap him at the very place and with the hands that so often fed him. He could not understand Georgiana's motive for asking such a cruel thing.

A few days passed; he saw nothing of Georgiana. He could not look at the bird without a feeling of sadness. How near he had come to betraying his life. Yet he says, "A man will do wrong for the woman he loves." Adam Moss shut himself in his workshop. In there he made a trap and fixed a cage. He would catch the bird and show him what dangers he would have to deal with; then he would free him. The trap was placed under the trees where he had often been fed. When first caught he was not much frightened, but clutched the side of the trap. Adam Moss in his own mind could supply his words as he looked out at him, "Help! I'm caught! Take me out! You promised!" Even when transferred to the cage, for a moment his confidence lasted. "He mounted the perch, shook his plumage, and spoke out bravely and cheerily. Then all at once came on the terror."

A little after dark that evening he carried the red bird over to Georgiana. He did not know that she had been away for some days. But she was expected that night. The bird was placed in her room, because several times he crossed the garden and listened under her window. He was sure that he could hear the bird beating his head and breast against the cage. Again he went, but all was still. "He may be quieted," he thought. In the early morning, when the birds in the yard "poured forth their songs," he listened for some sound from Georgiana's room. But there he "saw only the soft, slow flapping of the white curtains like signals of distress."

All morning he wandered aimlessly about trying to pass the time reading. He was absorbed in his own thoughts, when he heard "the rustle of a woman's clothes, and springing up, stood face to face with Georgiana. The explanations given by each and the result of the conversation is best given in the author's own words.

"What have you done?" she implored.

"What have you done?" I answered as quickly.

"Oh, Adam, Adam! You have killed it! How could you? How could you?"

"Is he dead, Georgiana? Is he dead?"

I forgot everything else, and pulling my hat down over my eyes, turned from her in the helpless shock of silence that came with those irreparable words." In ungovernable anger and suffering he turns upon her, accusing her of having caused the bird's death and then to come and upbraid him for her own fault.

She compels him to listen, while she gives her reasons for acting as she did. She only asked him if he would be willing to cage the Cardinal for her. It was not because he refused, but because she saw his consent in his face, that she could not forgive him. Georgiana knew something of the life of a naturalist, and feared that Adam might become tired of her, as he had on one occasion of the bird, and perhaps some day be tempted to sacrifice her for something he loved better.

Adam Moss denies none of the things of which Georgiana accuses him, but replies that "every man resists temptation only to a certain point." He also tells her, "If you doubt that a man is capable of sacrificing one thing that he loves to another that he loves more, tempt him, lie in wait for his weakness, ensnare him in the toils of his greater passion, and learn the truth." He does not wait for a reply or wish to hear any, but passes into the house.

The end of the misunderstanding comes the next day as the shadows are deepening. As he turned once more in his path he caught sight of Georgiana coming towards him.

"And you are not going to forgive me, Adam?"

"I do forgive you!" The silence fell and lasted. I no longer saw her face. At last her despairing voice barely reached me again:

"And—is—that—all?"

I had no answer to make, and sternly waited for her to go.

A moment longer she lingered, then turned slowly away; and I watched her figure growing fainter and fainter till it was lost. I sprang after her; my voice rang out hollow, and broke with terror and pain and longing, "Georgiana! Georgiana!"

"Oh, Adam, Adam!" I heard her cry, with low, piercing tenderness, as she ran back to me through the darkness.

The whole book is a prose poem of an exalted yet very human love. The exquisite style is "like perfect music set to noble words." Nothing definite is told of the character of Adam

Moss, but we cannot help feeling that James Lane Allen's own characteristics are portrayed through him. A number of his traits may be shown in the following:

Who can help observing his humor, his keen insight to human nature, and also his generosity. Only at certain seasons of the year he seems to be of special interest to a number of his friends. He claims that, "There are certain ladies who bow sweetly to me when my roses and honeysuckles burst into bloom; a fat, old cavalier of the South begins to shake hands with me when my asparagus bed begins to send up its tender stalks; I am in high favor with two or three young ladies at the season of lilies and sweet-pea; there is one old soul who especially loves rhubarb pies, which she makes to look like little latticed porches in front of little green skies, and it is she who remembers me and my row of pie-plant; and still another, who knows better than cat-birds when currants are ripe. Above all, there is a preacher, who thinks my sins are as scarlet so long as my strawberries are, and plants himself in my bed at that time to reason with me of judgment to come; and a doctor, who gets despondent about my constitution in pear-time,—after which my health seems to return, but never my pears."

Even in his wit there always ran a thread of kindness and indulgence. He lived in such close communion with Nature that his whole being seemed softened and more tender. His beautiful ideal of pure love is breathed in the words of Tennyson:

"Each fulfils

Defect in each. And always thought in thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,

The single pure and perfect animal,

The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke;

Life."

Georgiana's character is more charming to us because she was so sympathetic, so pure and noble, yet so human—

"No angel, but a dearer being all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise;
Interpreter between the Gods and men."

Resurgam.

All things must change, 'twas God's first sentence,
Passed on the infant world when Adam fell;

All things must pass—the brave, the bold,
The soul of fire—the heart of gold:

These too must perish, ere we reach
Olympian heights, or breathe the purer air
Of loftier souls, in nobler fashion found
Than suits our tastes, by baser passions bound.

Heir of a thousand worlds, but lord of none,
Man takes his course, and when his day is done,
Lord of a thousand lives he cannot stay,
Death's stern advance, one fleeting day.
The basest serf who in his castle bides,
Trembles and shrinks before his dauntless strides,
Yet even this serf, in mind and body poor,
Death leaves behind, and opens the monarch's door!

Nature thus kind, no different station knows,
Between the slave who bends beneath the blows
Of haughty lords, and him whose hand of power,
Triumphant rules, and loves each shining hour.
But up above this narrow world of self,
Beyond the reach of sordid gain of pelf,
Fair plains stretch out to greet the roseate morn,
Bathed in soft dews, here many a flower is born.

Here springs the violet from her grassy bed,
And here the lily rears her graceful head;
The humble daisy, nodding asphodel,
Now mark the spot where Truth's first martyrs fell!
The plain slopes down to meet the sounding wave,
Where white-sailed ships the tempests thunders brave;
Sweet ocean voices from hollowed caverns sing,
"Nature subservient still—, and God alone is King!"

ROBERT LOUIS FREERAR.

EDITORIALS

IT IS with a tinge of sadness that the Seniors look forward to June. True it means that all the worries and cares of school-days will be over and the suspense of pitching day passed along with the unpleasant criticisms of the Training School. But, on the other hand, it means farewell to happy school-days and school-mates so dear. It means the time is nearly here when they are to go out and face the world at duty's post. It means they are no longer looked upon as children, but now they must go forth to fill the responsible position of a teacher. Many an eye will be filled with tears when saying good-bye to their beloved Alma Mater; many a heart will ache when embracing for the last time that classmate so dear. Many will be the sorrows, but there will be joy too; for happy will be the home-coming of the "sweet-girl graduate."

We wish to congratulate the students who voluntarily gave the play on Friday evening, May 26th, for the benefit of our annual. We are glad to see the students show interest in their school affairs. A school cannot have a magazine, or an annual, that will do it justice until the students realize that these are their own volumes, and represent the student body of which they are a member.

Seven or eight girls cannot issue a magazine or an annual. They are merely the representatives, and must act with the assistance of all the students.

Let us realize, girls, that this is our school; it belongs to us, not we to it. The school can only be what we make it. We can either raise or lower its standard. Which shall we do? These magazines are sent out to other schools as a representative, so to speak, of our abilities; outsiders have a perfect right to judge us by our fruits. Once more we implore you, our fellow-students, to come to our assistance. We beg of you to contribute material for THE GUIDON. Remember it is a school affair, and it matters not whether you are a literary society girl or not.

We fully realize that we have plenty of ability in school if only it will be put into use. And to the girls who cannot contribute material for publication, you can help; you can subscribe. THE GUIDON will not be content until every student is a subscriber; then, and not until then, will we have the magazine we should have.

Truly May is the month of roses; anyone can look at our Seniors and tell that. Every morning when they return from the Training School they are laden with beautiful blossoms. The children always bring flowers to their favorite teacher as a token of love. Surely nothing could brighten a room more, or add more to the personal appearance of the girls than sweet, innocent flowers. In fact, they tend to help the homesick or discouraged student, and we are glad to see flowers plentiful.

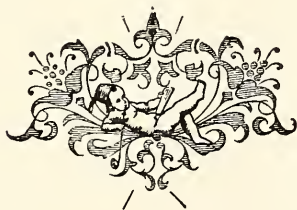
"O the beauties of nature,
Nothing can surpass thy charms."

One of the most interesting features of the Shakspeare evening was the presentation of the picture Stratford-on-Avon, in the name of the literary societies, to Mr. Jarman for the new auditorium.

We hear that there is to be a Shakspeare evening every year. If this be true, the members of this school and the people of Farmville are to be congratulated. For such an evening there is an endless number of interesting programmes; none, though, which would excel the first, with the interesting papers, the well-delivered readings, and the tableaux, which were extremely realistic and beautiful. This evening was a crowning success of a year's hard work in both societies.

"The future I may face, now I have proved the past," is the motto of the Senior Class. It is with sober thoughts that they think of their motto; for it is now that they make the real start in life; mere preparation is over. They have learned in the past four years these fundamental principles: To know themselves, to know their associates, and to know how to live with them. Here have they learned that all are "travelers on the Great Journey; all soldiers under the same flag, comrades together."

The Virginian this year is one of the most attractive ever published. The cover, in colonial blue and buff—the Senior Class colors—has the school building on it outlined in gold. It is dedicated to Miss Mary Sinclair Woodruff, supervisor of the Training School, who has shown to the girls a spirit sympathetic, earnest, and always inspiring. We congratulate the Senior Class for having the honor of dedicating *The Virginian* to Miss Woodruff.



ALUMNAE.



Mary Baldwin and Mildred Evans are both teaching in South Boston, Va.

Sarah Good has a school in Chase City, Va.

Annie Doughty and Elizabeth Baskerville are doing fine work teaching in a school at Cedar Bluff, Va.

Louise Berriman, Mary Epps, and Mary Herbert have positions in the High School, Norfolk, Va.

Some of the Alumnae are so fortunate as to have schools near the Normal School. Grace Elcan is one of these. She is in Cumberland Co., Va., and we see her quite often at our school.

Mrs. Ellen Garrant *nee* Armstead is spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. J. A. Armstead, of Farmville, Va.

Mrs. Roberts *nee* Jackson lives at Va.

Miss Maggie Meagher is teaching in the High School, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Burton Blanton *nee* Bugg, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her father, Mr. Chas. Bugg, of Farmville, Va.

Lulie McKinney is teaching English in the Agnes Scott Institute of Decatur, Ga.

Mrs. Lea Lash *nee* McKinney lives in Decatur, Ga.

Mrs. Ned Hundley *nee* Campbell is living just outside of Farmville, Va.

Mrs. Bernard McClaughty *nee* Hooper of Bluefield, W. Va., is visiting Mrs. George Richardson of Farmville, Va.

Mrs. Arthur Winn *nee* Mapp is living in Atlantic, Va.

Eleanor Abbitt is teaching in Port Norfolk, Va.

Maria Cocke, one of our February graduates, is spending this term at her home, at Bon Air, Va.

Maud Ives and Margary Atkinson graduated in February, but they stayed at the Normal School to get a full diploma.

"In Lighter Vein"

Oh may some power the seller sell ye,
To laugh at all these jokes we tell ye!

"Young ladies, was that an accident?"

Musician—"Blue Bells" is pretty."

Botany Student—"Oh, are they in bloom now?"

THOSE WONDERFUL CHEMISTS

Miss W.—"L——, of what use is the dust in the atmosphere?"

L. (promptly)—"It causes the sun to set!"

Miss W.—"What is borax made of?"

M.—"Copper, tin, and zinc!"

"Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

What a chance for short girls!

L. J. (rushing in)—"Have you got anything good to read?"

L. S.—"Of course. There's my history."

Madge—"What's the news from home?"

Gwen—"They're going to put up a new *delivery* stable "in town."

Question (on a test)—"Tell of John Brown's raid."

Answer—"John Brown was a very nice, kind gentleman, who made a very successful raid."

C. B.—"Are you going to church, M.?"

M.—"No."

C. B.—"Oh, you ought to! He's going to preach a temperance sermon."

When M. recovered she swore off drinking coffee.

S.—“What tune (toon) is that?”

Z.—“It sounds like Mat-toon!”

HEARD DOWN TOWN

Mammy (stopping school girl on street)—“Honey, kin yo’ tell me whar de druggist is—de man whut pulls teef?”

AT THE ANIMAL SHOW

F-n-tr-d—“Look at that girl dressed up to represent an alligator!”

Training School “Smart Child”—“Is her mouth that big?”

Miss G. (in a letter of thanks)—“It was so sweet of you to remember me in such an *exceptable* way.”

Geography Teacher—“Give me an example of centrifugal motion.”

Miss Smarty—“Put your finger on a hot stove!”

Miss D-n—(to new girl)—“Why did you miss writing class yesterday?”

New Girl (innocently)—“I was busy.”

“A CLASS B ROMANCE”

“Beatrice Burton, being beautiful but beefy, began bicycling. Beatrice bowled by bewildered beholders, bewitching Benjamin Buckingham’s bachelor bosom. “By Bacchus!” blurted Benjamin, “beauty’s blessings bounteously bestowed!” Beatrice blushed becomingly, but brushed briskly by. Blueberry blossoms barely blew before blissful bridal bells began. Beatrice Burton became Benjamin Buckingham’s bonny bride.

Visitor—"What do you mean by 'old girl?'"

Soph.—"One who has been lost in the building, 'set on,' and who has fallen down stairs."

Hall Monitor—"All in?"

Sleepy Chorus—"Yes'm."

Hall Monitor—"In both beds?"

They wondered if she thought they were all in one bed.

Freshie—"Won't you please tell me something about the growth of the liverwort?"

Senior—"I've forgotten everything about hygiene."

"Ain't it de trufe?"

JUNIOR B GEOGRAPHY UP TO DATE

Miss R-y-o-ds—"Girls, what special fauna is found on Malta Island?"

V-i-g-e McC. (frantically waving her hand)—"Potatoes!"

Lizzie—"You don't have to be born on the first of April to be an April fool."

Lucy—"That's so, cousin, on what day were you born?"

History Student—"What is the meaning of aqueduct?"

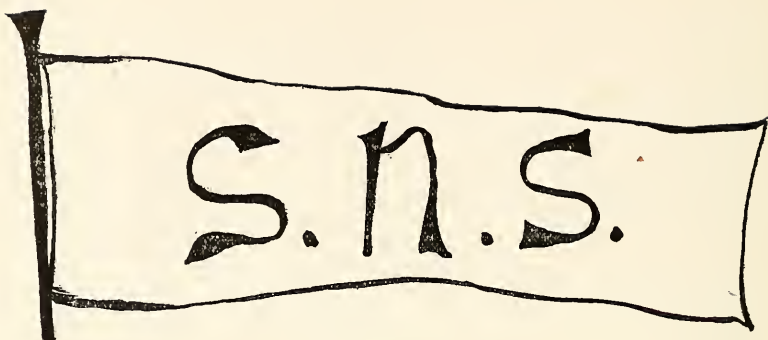
Latin Student—" 'Aqua' means water, and 'duck' means duck; so 'aqueduct' means water duck."

AT APPOMATTOX

W-vt D-v-ds-n (in rear of crowd as Governor Montague begins to speak)—"I'ts a pity I can't hear papa's speech!"

And the audience immediately made way for the "Governor's daughter."

Don't forget to ask Carrie Mason the meaning of "protegee."



Locals.

President Jarman has recently visited Front Royal, Washington, and New York, in the interest of the School.

Dr. Sears and Mr. Jarman, as alumnae of the University of Virginia, attended the installation of Dr. Alderman as president of the University.

Friday and Saturday, the 14th and 15th, there was an interesting display of dolls, the property of the International Doll Exhibition, in our kindergarten. There were many curios of real historic value.

Nearly two hundred of our girls, chaperoned by Mrs. Cochran and Mr. Cox, attended the unveiling of the monument at Appomattox.

Mr. W. S. Lindsay, of Rural Retreat, visited Dorothy Stone, and went on the excursion from here to Appomattox C. H.

Lelia Jackson, Frankie McKinney, and Ruth Schmelz, chaperoned by Mrs. P. W. McKinney, attended the Annual Kappa Delta Convention, held at the Jefferson in Richmond. Before returning home Lelia Jackson spent a week in Washington.

Miss Woodruff and her sister, Clair, spent the Easter holidays in Washington.

Ruth Schmelz has left school to spend a month at home before sailing for Europe.

On the 29th the Cunningham and Argus Societies jointly held an "Evening with Shakspeare." There were tableaux, presenting some of his leading women; essays on the character and

genius of this greatest of poets, and readings from the "Merchant of Venice." It was the verdict of one older and wiser than we that this was the "best thing of all the year." We of THE GUIDON, as sponsors for the literary societies, would refrain from comment, yet we say in all modesty that "it ill becometh youth to disagree with age."

Our new auditorium is now completed, and is one of the handsomest halls in the State. It was formally opened on May 12th with a delightful concert by the Glee Club.

Ethel Topping, a graduate of last June, visited the "Black Cats" here.

Professor Jones left for New York on the 9th; from there he will set sail for Germany, to remain until the fall.

A rare attraction of the month was a "County Fair," given for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. A complete menagerie was composed of girls in appropriate costumes, and with truly wonderful effect. In fact, each cell held a convincing answer to any skeptical arguments against the "theory of evolution."



EXCHANGES.

THE magazines that we have received are, as a rule, very good. There seems to be an improvement in the April numbers both in fiction and poetry. There is nothing that improves a magazine more than a good poem, and spring is the time of the poet.

The second number of the *War Whoop* is an improvement over the first number. The two sketches, "The Haunted Room" and "The 'Coming Out' of the Rosebud," are both good. They are gracefully written, and the latter especially shows originality.

The April number of *The Southern Collegian* is indeed a good number. It contains both good poems and good prose. The sketches, "The Child and Youth at the Tomb of Lee" and "Defeat's Memories," are well written. "A Pair of Golden Spurs" is, on the whole, the best article in the magazine. It is written in an easy, fluent style, is intensely interesting, and holds the interest to the end. The poem, "The Storm," is above the ordinary in descriptive quality. "The Return" and "The Dear Old Days" are also worthy of mention.

In *The Tattler* the article "The Preservation of the Indian Legends of the South" is well worked up, and worth reading. We agree with the author when she says that these Indian legends are full of poetic truth and beauty, and that some record of them should be kept. The shorter stories in this magazine are of no especial value. "The Reconciliation of Two Rabbits" is the best story. The plot is good and it is handled well. The two poems, "The Soul of Man" and "Answered," are above those usually found in college magazines. Both have a touch of true poetry in them. We are grieved to see that *The Tattler* has no exchange department.

The Wake Forest Student contains some good stories. "The Ghost of Cypress Bend" is one of the best stories of its kind that we have come across. It seems to be full of mystery, yet there is none, and the whole story is told in a rather amusing and interesting way. The article "Sight-Seeing Abroad" is well written.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Gray Jacket, The Wake Forest Student, The Emory and Henry Era, The Messenger, The Capitoline, The Monthly Chronicle, The Hollins Quarterly, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Tattler, Kalozentie Chimes, and The William and Mary Literary Magazine.



CLIPPINGS.

Lives of seniors all remind us
We ought to make suggestions
And avoid the teacher's quiz
By asking lots of questions.

—*Exchange.*

Freshman—"I thought you took algebra last year?"

Sophomore—"I did, but the faculty encored me."—*Exchange.*

"I have a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician.

"So has a jackass," replied a bystander. Silence.—*Mus. Times.*

Miss P.—"Mary, would you take Gym. if you were in my place?"

Miss M. W.—"Take Jim? Of course I would—any day."—*Exchange.*

A few days ago a dog was killed on the campus. Next night we had sausage for supper. Curious, isn't it?—*Exchange.*

Sufferer—"Why do you keep on whistling that piece so much?"

Punisher—"Because the tune haunts me."

Sufferer—"No wonder; if you should murder me as you do that tune, I'd haunt you, too."—*Exchange.*

New One—"Pass the meat, please."

Old One—"Drive the cow up this way, the calf is bawling."

—*Exchange.*

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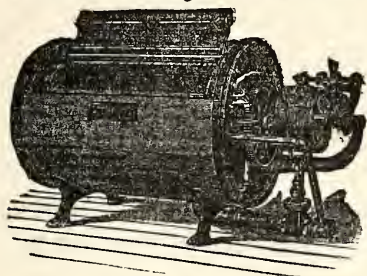
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